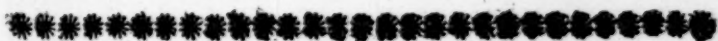


VILLAGE MEMOIRS.



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VILLAGE MEMOIRS:

In a SERIES of

L E T T E R S

B E T W E E N

A CLERGYMAN and his Family in the
Country, and his SON in Town.

Utinam *veteres Mores* ———

Potius majori honori *hic* essent, quam *Mores Mali*.

PLAUTUS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel-street, Covent-Garden.

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TO THE
Reverend Mr._____

Dear Sir,

I Have procured the Letters and
Papers you so much wished
to peruse, and now present them
with all due respect to you and
to the public.

I am, Rev. Sir, with great esteem,

Your friend and servant,

THE EDITOR.



T O T H E

Reverend Mr. _____

Dear Sir,

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Papers you so much wished
to peruse, and now present them
with all due respect to you and
to the public.

I am, Rev. Sir, with great esteem,

Your friend and servant,

THE EDITOR.

E R R A T A.

- P. 97. 1. 9. *for acts ends, read act ends.*
113. 7, 8. *for Bourdaloue, read Bourdaloue.*
125. 2. *for φύσις, read φύσις.*
— 12. *for ornaments was, read orna-
ment was.*



ii

P R E F A C E.

READER, if thou art a man
of the world, this book will
not please thee — it was written
by those who were abstracted
from mankind, and had little relish
for either the ribaldry or amuse-
ments

vii * P R E F A C E.

ments of the present times. —

Mr. Paulet was a clergyman unknown in the world, and unknown

to all but men like himself—the latter

part of his life he read mankind

chiefly in his study; for it was

his unhappy fate, whenever he

wished to take a wider range,

to experience little more than

their falsehood or infidelity. —

His son, by becoming a private

tutor

tutor in town for a while, afforded him frequent opportunities of hearing what follies were most predominant; and from his own letters, perhaps, it may not be incurious to trace the decent sobriety of the character of the old English gentleman, when compared with the inflated maxims of the modern Indian innovator.

— The daughter's correspondence likewise will not be totally unin-

structive.

P R E F A C E.

structive, as it may afford some remarkable instances of the great changes that, in a short time, may be brought about from the prevalence of Manners over Laws, Principles, and Morality. — It may be justly urged, perhaps, that Mr. Paulet saw every thing through a contracted medium; but, however, the mind is tempered by virtue, or harmonized by religion,

I fear

P R E F A C E.

xi

I fear there are few good men who can survey the scenes that are continually shifting before them, without acrimony or disgust. — The mind of man in solitude is torpid and inactive, but when cast on the ocean of life, it is dissipated and infirm—restless in the pursuit of some hidden good, it wears out its sensibility by perpetual motion ; and confined within the limits of an
un-

unextended empire, it contracts itself, and becomes gloomy and despondent.

V I L-



VILLAGE MEMOIRS.

To Mr. Paulet, at Sir Wm. Russell's,
Cavendish-Square.

Dear Charles,

WE are all under the greatest anxiety about our friend and neighbour Mr. Alrington — his disorder rages more vehemently than ever, and the physicians cannot perceive one favourable symptom of his amendment — have no time to add further particulars, but fear this is only a preface to worse intelligence—

B

will

will write by to-morrow's post—in
the mean time your sister joins in all
love with your affectionate father,

Marleston,
Feb. 1, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

To the Same.

Dear Charles,

AT four o'clock this afternoon I
was again sent for, not to pray by
him, but (at my own request) to pay
the last tribute to expiring friend-
ship—He had no orders to give about
either his plumes or his monu-
ment — “ If I have lived well, said
he, my deeds will be graven on the
minds of men, and I shall have the
blessings of the deserving—let the
poor be decently supplied on the oc-
casion with all necessaries, and if
they

they loved me, they will not wish for superfluities—I have ever been their protector, and they would not, I am sure, convert my funeral into an hour of festivity—I feel an awe, but no grief, at my dissolution—some philosophers, it is said, have been above terrors, but I fear they were below humanity—to shudder is the part of the guilty, to stand undismayed is the language of the Stoic, to be humble is the duty of a man—before the mortification took place, I had need of all my resolution, but I hope in those moments I confessed virtue on the rack, and suffered torture only to refine my ore from its dross—There is, I am convinced of it, now a counterpoise to all human misery—some hidden resource which

the mind can best supply at its utmost exigency—I feel it now, and should think it ill exchanged for all that titles, wealth, fortune, or power could bestow upon me, and tho' I am journeying apace to that undiscovered country, from which I never shall return, I would not wish for one hour of added life for aught but for my friends, amongst whom, my dearest Paulet, I have ever principally esteemed you—thus saying, he pressed eagerly my hand, looked fervently to heaven — sighed — and expired. — A scene like this awakened all my feelings, and for some moments I experienced an awful something without a name—tears and grief had nearly overwhelmed me, but I have again recovered my tranquillity, for it would
 ill

will become me to fall a victim to distress, when my life and my profession demand me to make use of its instruction—I have gained by his death a trial of that fortitude, which I hope I have not altogether disgraced—what I have lost you can easily recount with me—He was a man, (for I must ever dwell on his character) who, though he had experienced all the falsehood of a bad world, had never steeled his heart against the feelings of humanity—he was benevolent without vanity, and generous without ostentation—he had a heart, perhaps, too susceptible of soft impressions, which ever laid him open to the designs of the artful and disingenuous, so that from the superiority of his understanding he derived a weak-

ness in his worldly conduct—he was warm in his resentments, but, lest he should be behind hand in reparation, paid always over price—he was skilled in all the necessary truths of the religion he professed, and it was no inferior branch of his knowledge, that he was ever willing to remain ignorant of those deeper mysteries which its divine Author thought fit to conceal from him—he was to me a patron, a benefactor, and a friend, a friend that—but I will here close the subject, entreating you, my dearest Charles, to withdraw frequently from the busy scenes of life to contemplate the character of a man, which may add fervour to virtue, zeal to religion, and confidence to truth.

I am your affectionate father,

Marleston,
Feb. 2, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

FOR all what Mr. Pope says—that people never want to receive letters but from London, I have the vanity to think you'll be glad to hear from me, tho' confined in this gloom of solitude.—We have had a sad dull winter of it; my father being still quite moped for the death of poor Mr. Arlington: indeed he is a great loss to us all, but we hope soon to have ample amends made us by the great man that has just purchased his estate—he came down yesterday for the first time to view it, for he bought it only from the fine description that was given of it by the great auctioneer in London—his name is Massem—he has a sister who is come to that time

of life, when you say we women begin to cast long * shadows—there are a Mr. and Mrs. Clip, who came with them two dependents, and a Mr. Lay-out, a designer in taste in gardening, and no end of servants—I have only seen them as they passed by, for they stay but a day or two, as Miss Massem says she is indispensibly engaged to go with some duchess or other to the masquerade on Thursday evening next—The parish are quite delighted with their appearance; but my father seems afraid that these great folks should contaminate his flock, but I can't see why they should, for they say that they will be vastly good and charitable to the poor, and when they are down will almost entirely main-

* Our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down.

tain them without work out of their own kitchen—I thought brother you would like to hear a little how we went on, and as you will pay no tax for this intelligence, I could not help scribbling a few lines, tho' it was only to assure you that I remain ever your affectionate sister,

Marleston,
April 10, 1773.

Susan Paulet.

If you are not too much taken up with your new office, I shall be glad to hear how you like London.

To Miss Paulet, at Marleston.

Dear Sister,

I Hope you would not suppose that either the diversions of town, or the dignity of my new character as preceptor,

ceptor, would so entirely engross my attention, as to make me forget my friends—It is true, this mode of life has not a little engaged both my attention and my wonder—I wonder at every thing I see, and then I wonder that I should wonder at any thing—all here is one perpetual scene of tumult, noise, and dissipation—mankind ever in pursuit of something, which when found, creates more wants than it supplies—a general siege is laid against an old offender called Time, which, though every one complains of the loss of, yet every one is in league to kill it as fast as possible—the old maid at Ranelagh may have hopes of making a conquest, and the old matron at a rout may be enraptured with spadille—but, believe me, these are only

only secondary considerations—to kill so much time is the principal point in view—for how can the old maid experience any real pleasure from haunting those circles where she is conscious that she is considered but as the forlorn shadow of her departed beauty—or how can the old matron receive any high gratification from returning to those tables, where she must reflect (if she has not stifled reflection) that she can only afford new specimens of the acidity of her temper, and the fraudulency of her intentions—indeed she has one consolation, that the troops she is engaged with are generally full as corrupt and contaminated as herself.—You will say that the old can have but few prospects and amusements—it is true, but they
can

can have real ones, prospects ever brightening, as attraction must ever encrease, the nearer we approach the object—but you will now exclaim that I appear already to write from my dictatorial chair, and give laws in the true style of a school-master; but I can never help expatiating on this subject, for it is not so much the comet itself, as the tail of that comet that I am so much in care for—there is always some expecting niece or entrusted cousin, who, to be kept out of harm's way, must be the watchful sentinel to all this scene of disorder—good Heavens! as if the mind could be more in harm's way, or more dissipated than by sitting seven hours attendant on a card-table, now and then admiring work, perhaps indulged by

in-

introducing her knotting, and storing her mind (for to read would be ill manners) with those remarks only that avarice, ignorance, and ill humour are continually suggesting—and what are the fruits of this miserable farrago every day's experience too fatally evinces.—You think I wish to deter you from coming here—indeed I do,—for tho' the country, I fear, affords frequently no better examples, yet it is impossible to drive quite so fast on cross-roads, as it is on a turn-pike; and there are numbers who can keep themselves afloat on a gentle stream, whose strength is yet utterly insufficient to stem a torrent.—I do not doubt either the goodness of your heart, or the firmness of your intentions, but remember the wisest and

6 the

the best have found the inefficacy of reason against worldly seduction—nor do I mean to stifle a generous endeavour, or preclude that trial which is appointed to virtue—I know both their value and reward—but consider—true courage consists in combating an enemy nobly, that attacks you—it is the part of a bravado only to be assiduous for a contest.

I see I have run out my letter to an unconscionable length, so conclude myself abruptly, with duty to my father,

Your affectionate brother,

Cavendish-Square,
April 20, 1773.

Charles Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Honnurd Sir,

HOPING as how your honnur will
 excuse my bouldnes, I truble your
 honnur to tell you that I have lit of a
 mishap, and am afeard my old meaf-
 ter should know ont—I have Sr for a
 long time been after one Jane Felly
 the weelrites dawter, and now fir she
 wants to be married to me, seeing as
 how shes in a full condition for it—
 to be sure fir I have savd a little mon-
 ney in sarvice, and if your honnur
 would but be so good as to get her a
 place in London, if it was neer such
 a bad one, I think the thing might be
 foon hushd up—I dont at all mind
 what a place it is, seeing as how it is
 for

for nothing but a kiver, indeed the worfer the better as they fay, as it is only for a time—I have no friend on earth to ply to but your honnur, and indeed I need not have one more cleverer for this or any thing else, if your honnur would but be so kind as to farve me int, and fay nothing ont to my old measter—so hoping for your goodnefs I am your dutiful farvant to command,

Marlston
Apr. 24, 1773.

John Cuttle.

To the Revd. Mr. Paulet, at Marleston.

Dear Father,

I Now fit down to give you some account of the pupil who is entrusted to my care—He is a young man of rank and fortune, and not totally devoid

void of literary attainments—for a short time he has been at Westminster school, but (as too frequently is the case) has been so much taken off by the diversions of the town, that it was well if in the course of the week the Masters were able to remove that love of dissipation, which the young man had imbibed the preceding days of it—however, before I came to him he could tolerably construe some of the easier classics, and he is by no means deficient in point of natural abilities—by the death of his mother he is now committed to the care of an uncle, who, for a year and a half, has placed him under my direction—what my mediocrity shall be able to impart I know not; but attention will not be wanting, and I have a father ever

able and willing to supply all my deficiencies—my present endeavour is to improve his taste by furnishing his mind with the best criticisms on ancient literature, such as Warburton's on the 6th Book of Virgil, and Hurd's on the Art of Poetry.—By the aid of these books I perceive his mind to be wonderfully enlarged, and he has already remarked that the fame of the commentators ought nearly to equal the glory of their respective authors—from hence you will gather that he has Feeling, which in preference to every other consideration ought principally to be improved.—He has just asked my opinion of the *Ramblers*, which, says he, I find are generally considered as pompous and pedantic—I tell him that the *Ramblers* are my
manuals,

manuals, and I can more properly apply the words of bishop Burnet to them, than to any other modern productions, "That they are the store-house of all moral virtues."—I fear he thinks I have strong prejudices, for he often observes that the world speaks quite otherwise—as to the world, I tell him, there are but few who are capable of judging—those that are, either through envy or other malignant passions, will rarely do justice to living authors—Johnson would be more read, was his matter as thinly spread as in other periodical publications—then he has written on party subjects, and this can never be forgiven by his vanquished opponents—Warburton is not less obnoxious on the same account—indeed so far I will

accede—that the one by long dealing in words has too much encreased the vocabulary, and the other by dealing too much with mankind has at length exceeded the decent limits of all sober satire—but truth and virtue were their guides, and whilst these remain in the world, such authors will ever be considered as their brightest ornaments—an old gentleman was by chance present at this dialogue between my pupil and me, who hastily exclaimed, “ Good God! sir, why I never heard a syllable of all this, in regard to either of them, and I have resided the greatest part of my life *

* The bishop of Gloucester lived at Prior Park, near Bath, and the author of the *Ramblers* in Johnson's Court, Fleet-street. Editor.

at Bath, except two months that I
lived with my brother in Fleet-street.

I am, &c.

Cavendish-Square,
April 29, 1773.

C. Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Honnurd Sir,

NOT hearing from your honnur so
foon as was expected we hope
now that you will know nothing of
the matter, for we have gotten a li-
fense, and are married, and all is
well agen—the thinks she shant be
lighted of near three months, and
thats longer by two than her mother
was, and by all three than almost any
other woman in the parish—I am
afeard of nobody saying ought about
the matter but my old measter, but you

C 3

know

know Sr he is very partickler this way—but if he should fir I must tell him that neighbour Snarles wife was church'd and married and the child cristned and all the same day, and thof to be sure my old measter made a bogle ont, yet you know he was blig'd to do it after all, and the child for ought I can see was born in as good wedlock as mine will be—howsoever I must do as well as I can by her now, and hope God will prosper my honest endeavours, thof to be sure I should be sorry if my old measter was disoblig'd by it.

I am your dutiful sarvant
to command

Marleston,
May 1, 1773.

John Cuttle.

To

To John Cuttle, at Marleston.

John,

TO little purpose has my father explained to you the duties of religion, both in and out of church, if at your time of life you have made no better use of them—tho' you ought not to desert the creature you have debauched, yet there can be little prospect of happiness where the foundation is laid in iniquity—it is not a number of bad people in a parish that can sanctify a bad action; and, whatever may be the opinion of your neighbours, that will not, or ought not at least, to lighten the burden of your own conscience—what you have done is in open violation of your duty, and in

exprefs disobedience to the laws of your God—you and your guilty partner must repent of your errors, and where you may have little hopes from the justice of the Almighty, through his mercy you may have full assurance of pardon.

I wish you well, and subscribe
myself your friend,

Cavendish-Square,
May 5, 1773.

C. Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

TO day I have paid a visit for the first time to our great neighbours—Oh! Charles—such a visit!—I was accosted with—“ So, Dr. I reckon you’d be glad to wet your throat after talking so long to your parish—
pray

pray be free, and call for any thing you like here—you need not stand mealy-mouthed, as if you was with some of your half-starved country 'squires—call about you, man, says he—we don't cupboard the bottoms of the bottles here—why, egad, my servants in the kitchen live grander than all the gentry hereabouts put together.”—“Gentry—says miss Mafsem—rabble you mean, brother.”—I only replied, that I rarely drank wine in an afternoon—the conversation then chiefly ran on their own grandeur, and the ignorance and poverty of their neighbours—after tea—Mr. Layout favoured us with Remarks on Taste in Gardening; alas! how different from poor Mr. Arlington's (which by the bye I shall select for
you

you from his papers) and Miss Massem insisted on my looking at her Trou Madame table; for tho' she knew, she said, that I would not be so wicked as to play of a Sunday, yet she declared that I should look at it—I told her that I supposed it might be as innocent as any other game, but that I thought the Sabbath might be full as well employed—"ay, but how Dr. says the 'squire—for there's no visiting hereabouts, and we never go to church; though, in compliment to you, we shall always send the servants."—I hoped they would come from a better motive—"ay, ay, says he, those sort of people like to show their best clothes."—Mr. Layout observed that Sunday was only fit to travel on; and Miss Massem added, that at best it could

could only be considered as a horrid *Bore*.”—I would have it now, says the nabob, as in foreign parts, all life and jollity and dancing, and not keep it as they do here, just as tho’f it was a Fast.”—Perhaps, sir, said I, if limitations could be set to amusements, it might be an improvement—proper recreations are as necessary for the mind as the body, and, when seasoned with temperance, keep both in equal harmony; but the misfortune is, that where no line could be drawn, people would soon go from the fields to a play-house, from the play-house to a rout, and from a rout to a masquerade.—“ Well, says Miss Massem, and suppose they did, it would be much better I think than to stay at home, and be all out of humour with one another.”

another"—I certainly agreed with her that it would, if that must be the necessary consequence. — This short dialogue throws a strong light on their respective characters, and when I consider what a total change such a family may bring about in a village, I reason upwards and look with horror on an infected kingdom — if time and reflection can work any improvement, I shall gradually inculcate better notions; at present, it is in vain to attempt to sow good principles in a soil not formed for their reception.—Your sister joins in all love with

Your affectionate father,

Marleston,
May 9, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

Pray write oftener, for old folks, though they are thrown out of the world, love to hear what is doing in it.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

TH O' my father seems to dislike this new family, and to be sure they have some odd ways with them, yet upon the whole they are vastly agreeable—Miss Massem has taken great notice of me, and was so kind as to send for me the other evening to make up a dance—yesterday she took me with them to return Sir John Oldbury's visit—Oh Lord, they are so queer and so formal—to be sure we laughed immoderately all dinner-time—Miss Massem declared that if every thing had not been as awkward as it was, she should never have refrained at the sight of poor sir John's periwig, to say nothing of his antiquated wife,
and

and his two full blown daughters—to be sure miss Masseu said they meant to be very civil, but they were almost too bad to visit, however as they were her nearest neighbours, she would always endeavour to make an annual sacrifice.—As to Mr. Masseu, he said it was much the same what places he visited at, for most of our country gentry kept such bad cooks, that he should always be obliged to get away as soon as possible, that he might make an early supper—and for the future, if he must visit sir John, he should always go out of principle on an Ash-Wednesday — However, they know nothing of all this, and if they did not see us laugh, I believe took the visit very kind and friendly.

I am your affectionate sister,

Marleston,
May 20, 1773.

Susan Paulet.

At the ball, I had the honour to dance with captain Glanville, who is reckoned one of the finest gentlemen in England; he was most excessively complaisant to me, tho' all the other ladies in the room were much my superiors.

To Miss Paulet.

Dear Sister,

I Thank you for every remembrance of me—but if you won't take it quite ill, I must rally you a little about *day-visiting*—to be sure it is considered as a mark of friendship and esteem, but I believe in general that it proceeds from little more than a love of dissipation, or to gratify an idle curiosity.—I remember paying a visit of the sort you speak of, and

I could

could not help reflecting how little amusement there could be either to the *entertainers* or the *entertainees*.— Those who are to *entertain* are anxious for the dignity or propriety of the treat, and where there is much anxiety there can be little or no comfort— then if any awkward circumstances should occur (as the world now goes), they know they will be the talk of the whole neighbourhood; and where servants are not always in trammels, some will spill the beer, and others trample on your favourite lap-dog.— On the other hand those who are to be *entertained*, as soon as they have swallowed their dinners, talked of the wine, the weather, and the roads— heard perhaps that sir John Strictly's hares are all snared, or that Dr. Mean-
well

well has got into a fresh dispute about tythes—are absolutely told that the coach is at the door—this is all the regalement, unless perchance the ladies at tea have just had time enough to inform them that the Dr.'s daughters are grown as fat as porpoises—nothing more is to be done but to pack up—recall the coachman who has just stepped back for one more draught of ale—to express great satisfaction for the entertainment they have received—hope that the family will return the visit as soon as possible, which will make them most inexpressibly happy, and lo! the last lagging footman is just come out to take his horse.—Well—

—all ceremonies are now passed—and as they are safely out of hearing, it is high time to turn every thing into ri-

dicule, or to recount the miseries of the day—"To think, says one lady, of all the trouble I had with my hair, and to see no more company—but that is always the case whenever I am well dressed—the next time I declare I'll visit in my night-cap."—"Lord, says another, I knew very well what the visit would turn out, and put on a last year's negligee on purpose—however, we have certainly been of use to them—we have aired their plate, reviewed their footmen, and thinned their poultry-yard."—Thus the badness of the roads is beguiled with low sneers and petty detraction, till the party congratulate one another on their safe return to their own home—for awhile they sit moped—discontented—call for the
card-

card-table, (one hates *whist*, and another abominates *quadrille*) are all killed with the fatigues of the day; but as home is of all places the worst, a servant is immediately dispatched to poor old lady Humdrum's, to acquaint her that they will do themselves the honour of waiting upon her ladyship on the morrow.—Thus is life wasted without either profit or amusement, and people presume to thank their stars that they can lead useful and rational lives, whilst Mr. Pedant is poring over his books, and Mrs. Conserve is employed in writing out new receipts to preserve apricots.

I am, &c. &c.

Cavendish-square,
May 29, 1773.

Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet:

Dear Charles,

MY time of late has been much taken up in assisting the executors to settle Mr. Arlington's affairs—we now find that from the very advantageous sale of the estate, after paying off all the debts, there will be something left very considerable for his relations — a circumstance which, could he have known, poor man! would have greatly contributed to have brightened up the evening of his days—but to wave this melancholy subject.

So ignorant, Charles, was I of the world, that I did not know it was one great instance of politeness to go up to town only just to come down again,
and

and that with such rapidity, that a by-stander might fancy that the national welfare depended on their speed — *We* have now brought down with us, I assure you, as part of *our* retinue, a domestic chaplain, Mr. *Pliant* — so filken, so supple, and so complying, that I could almost fancy him to say to his patron — “Is it your pleasure, sir, to believe in God?” — He is, I find on enquiry, a distant relation, and seems thoroughly broke in to the office he is to fill — yesterday, as I was returning from my usual ride, I met him, like *Justice Overdo* in the comedy, in quest of enormities, and we really enjoyed a very pretty kind of a chit-chat, till at length some how or other I dropped out something about servilities — “Servilities!” says he, “now I reckon

you think that I am forced to submit to some servilities as you call them—no, sir, let me tell you, my mode of life is perfectly agreeable to me—Mr. Massem keeps a good table, has the choicest liquors—and, though your country hereabouts to be sure is dull enough, yet we have always company in the house to pass away the time with—and as for business, I have nothing to do but to dust the books—clean the bird-cages, and now and then make rebuffes for the ladies—indeed if we had not some amusements amongst ourselves, it would be dull enough here, for I have been fauntering about,” says he, “for these two hours, and cannot meet with any one thing worthy the least observation”—“Surely,” says I, “sir, nature,
to

to a mind capable of reflection like yours, every where presents a fund of entertainment—to a man, who knows how to take a ride, this blade of grass, or this declining hill affords an infinite scope for contemplation—in this sequestered scene methinks I could say with Shakespeare, that I

“Find tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every
thing.”

but if this retired prospect delights you not, I will return with you to the top of the hill, and present you with an object that may call forth all your attention—that is at once a cure for pride, and a lecture to am-

D. 4.

bition;

bition; that reminds philosophy of its true end, and makes none but the ignorant tremble to behold it—it leads the languid to hope, allays the thirst of avarice, and places wealth on its true foundation—to you and me, sir, it may be the vehicle to happiness; a car more triumphant than ever graced the conquests of a Cæsar, or an Alexander”—“Good God! sir”, says my companion, “what can you mean?—I can see nothing but a HEARSE.”

In short, Charles, as I found the present delighted him not, I thought it by no means unfair to raise his prospect to Futurity.

I am, dear Charles, &c. &c.

Marleston,
June 6, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Father,

I Intended by to-day's post to have sent you a string of political reports, with some large extracts from speeches said to have been lately made in the house of commons; but, as I find the former are nothing but reports, and the latter, like dying confessions, were printed beforehand, I now sit down with an absolute determination to give you nothing but the truth.

The grand vehicle of business in this metropolis appears to me to be a *Lie*—it rises in the morning with the watchman, bawling out—*Half an hour past eleven o'clock*, and accompanies the 'prentice home, who pulls out his watch.

watch with great eagerness to convince his master that it has not yet struck *twelve*—through the regions of darkness, its operations perhaps are better supposed than described, for it stands not unveiled in open day-light till it is circulated through the Strand by paragraphs, postscripts, letters, and advertisements—fame, in the shape of a news-carrier, founding the trumpet before it.—By its aid the tradesman and his wife are enabled to drink their coffee, and by its aid the tradesman and his wife are enabled to drink that coffee comfortably, for scandal, like irreligion, gives a relish to many enjoyments.—But now the whole city is in a ferment, for there its mornings are monopolized, and it is *exchanged and brokered* about to greater

or less advantage from its different degrees of sanctity in great wigs, and its more or less solemnity in city faces—indeed it is never a moment unemployed there but at dinner-time, when it steals away to meet the statesman on his return from the gaming-table or the stews—with him it holds a levee, where it is decked in smiles and graces—(what it has lost in weight it has gained in politeness)—and lends to expectation, even the confidence of success—the veil indeed is never taken off, for the promiser gives a hundred to strengthen one, till time alone convinces you of the uncertainty of a future day—you now plead loudly for admittance, but to-morrow is called in to the juggler's aid, for this afternoon he is engaged to vote
 against.

against *the Articles*, and at night he must negotiate with a Jew ere he dares to show his face again before the waiter at Almack's—but his servants perhaps are town-bred, and are taught to descry want and necessity by intuition—Lying is their professed science, for what mischiefs might not ensue if through ignorance a stranger should be let in to see a patriot barter his integrity, or a fair one her reputation and her virtue—if mistakes like these should arise, *Honour* must be called in as a safe-guard here, as *Goodness* is the security of the city—but the evening advances, and it is now sold wholesale at theatres, lecture-shops, and all other places of public diversion—like Scrub, it may be said to be of all professions—“one day
it

it drives the coach, another it drives the plough, another it draws warrants, and another it draws beer"—it seems to be the desideratum of the philosopher, for it operates universally from the speech that is administered at noon-day, to the dark slander that is only launching into whisper-hood—the poet relies upon it for his dinner, and the politician for his pay—the divine—but hold—here it can be of no use except now and then to explain a text,—till it openly stands confessed, and by *nolo episcopari* becomes a passport to a bishoprick—in short, where is it not of use, except in the uncontrouled intercourse between a tender and indulgent father and an ever dutiful and affectionate son,

I am, &c.

C. Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

I Am so angry at your last letter, that I could almost resolve not to write to you any more.—I told Miss Massem some of your Remarks on *Day-visiting*, and she says that if you give into a way of being so severe, you will never be a favourite amongst the ladies—besides, brother, I receive so many civilities from this family, that I should tax myself with the height of ingratitude, if I endeavoured to give you an opportunity of turning their foibles into ridicule—however, as I dare not trust you with my own remarks, I have at my father's request transcribed some of Mr. Arlington's, which I doubt
not

not but you will find both valuable and entertaining—the next opportunity he has of conveying a packet too large for the post, he will send you, according to promise, *Strictures on Landscape Gardening*.

I am, &c.

July 2d,
Marbleton,

Susan Paulet.

Remarks from the late Mr. Arlington's Papers.

I.

Men are frequently most desirous of talking on those subjects they least understand—for the same reason perhaps as ladies at ninety-nine affect to have the tooth-ach.

II.

Addison, a man of great judgment in other branches of literature, is scarce

scarce ever right when he criticizes the old English language.

III.

No man can properly criticize Milton who has not carefully studied Euripides*.

IV.

There ought to be an act of parliament against burying authors of eminence under their own ruins—Swift will soon be an example of this.

V.

It has been objected against studying Thucydides, that he wrote a large folio comprising only a very short period—the time indeed is short, but the writer made ample amends by

* Mr. Arlington here probably alludes to *Sampson Agonistes*, many passages of which appear evidently to be borrowed from thence.

the force of his descriptions, and the sublimity of his style—and it is a sufficient encomium perhaps to say that he was studied by Demosthenes, and imitated by Sallust.

VI.

Mr. Pope's Essay on Man is certainly a very masterly performance in point of poetry ; but the philosophy contained in it is flimsy and unconnected.

VII.

Sterne will be immortal when Rabelais and Cervantes are forgot—they drew their characters from the particular genius of the times—Sterne confined himself to nature only.

VIII.

Till my uncle Toby appeared I had used to assert, that no character was

ever better drawn than that of sir Roger de Coverly.

IX.

A man may as well give himself the trouble to copy nature as Sterne.

X.

How much soever the ancients might abound in elegance of expression — their works are very thinly spread with sentiment.

XI.

Education should be the mirror of former prejudices.

XII.

I have frequently thought that the duty of visiting the sick should not be vested in the priest, for who knows but the constant sights of dying persons may in time render their hearts,
like

like those of butchers and surgeons,
callous and void of humanity.

XIII.

A man by swearing may draw down
a curse upon himself, but never one
upon his neighbour.

XIV.

It is said by Tacitus, that men lose
their respect for you in proportion to
the favours you bestow—but as few
perhaps know how to give with de-
licacy as others to receive with proper
gratitude.

XV.

The parliament of England is form-
ed in a manner not totally dissimilar
from that of the ancient council of *

Am-

* The general attention of this assembly, and the
invariable object of all its modellers and directors,
was to form a complete representative of all Greece;

Amphictyons, or, as it is called by Demosthenes, the whole Hellenic body.

XVI.

as the good of each individual was subservient to that of his community, so the good of each community was considered as subordinate to that of the whole nation. Their *ἄνθρωπος πολιτικός* was the man who considered himself as a member of the state, who submitted his conduct to the laws, who acted intirely under their direction, who gained popularity, not by flattering the people, but by procuring their good; on the other hand the inhabitants did not confine their regards to their own private affairs, they did not consider public difficulties merely as they affected their own tranquility, or that of their families; they were taught to regard their country as a common mother to whom they belonged no less than to their natural parents. While these principles preserved their due vigour and influence, Greece continued a really united body, happy in itself, and formidable to its enemies; but as soon as the nation began to degenerate, its representative, of course shared in the corruption—and this degeneracy encreased so fast, that at length,
we

XVI.

The character of the king of Prussia, in many of the most remarkable strokes of it, strongly resembles that of Philip of Macedon.

XVII.

True politeness is the unaffected result of good nature and good sense.

XVIII.

Turnpike-roads and circulating libraries are the great inlets of vice and debauchery—the ladies will say

we read, that most of those who were deputed to sit in this once famous council of Amphictyons, were so corrupt, that they even came prepared to earn the wages of iniquity—to devote themselves entirely to the service of the crafty and the enterprising, who could pay them most liberally, without regard to their own honour, the interest of the community, or the general good of Greece.

Vid. B. of Meaux, and Dr. Leland, &c.

this remark is quite Gothic, but their husbands feel the truth of it too forcibly.

XIX.

County races are meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about horses, and the women about precedence.

XX.

Plausibility is a more marketable quality than good sense.

XXI.

The man who bids fairest for success, as candidate for any office where the public is principally concerned, is not he who has most friends, but he who has fewest enemies—not he whose talents raise an idea of superiority, but he whose mediocrity begets respect.

XXII.

XXII.

Ambitious men who meet with disappointments either become quite desperate, or sink into a state of indolence and insensibility.

XXIII.

What you please means, I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.

XXIV.

How frequently a man draws his his own character best, when he means to give you that of another person.

XXV.

In universities we see the triumph of learning over wealth—in manufacturing towns the triumph of wealth over literature.

XXVI.

No age ever gave stronger proofs of the certainty of a future state than the

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XXVI.

No age ever gave stronger proofs of the certainty of a future state than the

present, by the triumph of vice over virtue and religion.

XXVII.

There is no instance, but in religion, where it is a compliment to approve the profession, and abuse the practice.

XXVIII.

A malevolent man is always very lavish in his encomiums on the dead, because he thinks it is an insult to the living.

XXIX.

Mirth compared with cheerfulness is as the huzza of a mob to the sober applause of a thinking people.

XXX.

As religion rises in speculation, it will lose in practice.

XXXI.

Metaphysics, however useful to detect the subtilty of others arguments,

ments, are often very detrimental to the proficients in them—Reason herself may be lost by refinement.

XXXII.

The world generally asserts that spendthrifts have but half the fortune they really have, and that misers have at least twice as much.

XXXIII.

Young men are encouraged to take up general history much sooner than they ought—I would have them strongly impressed with moral virtues, before they venture to read so dreadful a detail of crimes and misfortunes.

XXXIV.

Foreign travel is knowledge to a wise man, and foppery to a fool.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Man cannot be engaged in a deeper science than that of himself.

XXXVI.

Fashion is not only the greatest tyrant, but the greatest impostor.

XXXVII.

A man of bad morals can never be a patriot, for being destitute of virtue himself, he must ever wish to make his country like his own heart, a scene of anarchy and confusion.

XXXVIII.

Some authors boast that they always write in haste—but what is this but in other words to say, that they are possessed of such wonderful talents, that the world may easily compound for error and neglect.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

We frequently condemn old people for their love of pleasure and company—but surely the morning of life is best suited to business—the evening to society.

XL.

Abuse is that tax which merit must always pay for its superiority.

XLI.

When maiden ladies come to a certain age, they do not reject the men so much from a love of virtue, as from resentment for the neglect that has long been shown them—they then begin to hate the male sex in general, from the inattention of particulars.

XLII.

In party disputes the prize is given
to

to the most violent — but violence, we know, is the child of error.

XLIII.

Was it not well said, that Good-nature, like the God of Nature, was not always extreme, to mark what was done amiss ?

XLIV.

Men often complain of the fickleness of fortune—the error lies in their mistaking her benefits for perpetual gifts, instead of being grateful for a temporary loan.

XLV.

Because Plato “reasoned well,” Cato is said to have fallen on his sword.—I fear it is because our modern infidels reason ill, that they so frequently become Suicides.

To

To Miss Paulet.

Dear Sister,

IT would be one of the most melancholy hours of my life if I could suppose myself capable of giving you any just grounds of offence—that you might not be caught with the glare of falsehood, instead of reality, I have ever endeavoured to give you all the caution in my power ;—far would I be from debarring you of the least pleasures that are reasonable, but wish you only to be moderate in the pursuit of them — if caution of every kind comes not best from a brother, from whom can it come? He can have no interest but yours, nor any struggle or competition, but who shall make most happy the tenderest and most affection-

fectionate of parents—but I will not suffer myself to suppose that you have ever felt the least resentment — on all subjects let me speak the free sentiments of my heart, as you must ever be convinced of my utmost sincerity and affection.

I am, &c.

C. Paulet.

P. S. Pray tell my father, that in his next I hope to receive his permission for my going into Orders, that as soon as possible, I may alleviate the burden of those expences, which have already, I fear, fallen too heavy upon him.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

I Received your last *kind* letter, and now sit down to give you some little account of the jaunt I have just taken with my good friends into Derbyshire.—My father, for a long time, was against my going, but Miss Massem did every thing in her power to teaze him into it.—At Derby we saw the Silk mills, and what I liked much better the New assembly room, and the China manufactory, but we staid there only a short time, for there was a low family who found out Mr. Massem, and was exceedingly troublesome and impertinent to him, so in the evening we went to Kedleston, where we
had

had a very tolerable dance—next day we saw lord Scarfsdale's, which is very fine to be sure; but Miss Massem found great fault with the furniture of the house, and Mr. Layout, who was with us, allowed no part of the garden ground to be disposed in taste—Mr. Massem admired nothing but the large pillars; and captain Glanville thought there was a great deal of idle money thrown away upon the library—as for myself, I liked every thing, but particularly the sideboard—from Kedleston we went to Matlock, which, if it was not for the company, would, if possible, be ten times more dismal than Marleston—however, we danced and went upon the water with music, and drank tea at the boat-house, and, upon the whole, passed

passed our time very agreeably—from thence we went to Chatsworth—it proved a most charming day, and we were all enraptured with the water-works—in some places, cataracts of water fall down stairs twenty yards deep, and in others the water is forced up into the air to the most incredible height, to say nothing of the artificial tree which would have sprinkled us all over from its leaves, if it had not been out of order—from Chatsworth we went to Buxton, where we joined parties with lord Canvass and Dr. and Mrs. Grudgens—at first they took no notice of us, but as soon as they found out who Mr. Massem was, they were particularly complaisant and civil. — My lord is most exceedingly engaging—but Dr Grudgens talks of

nothing but eating and preferment—and then so suspicious, that in a morning, when he played at *all-fours* with captain Glanville, if the hand was not out before the bell rung, he was sure to keep the cards in his pocket all the while he knelt down to say his prayers—indeed prayers here are merely made a farce of—for people laugh and whisper the whole time—tho' it would not signify much if they did not, for what with the howling of dogs, the bawling of footmen, and the giggling of ladies maids in the passages, it would be utterly impossible to hear one syllable that the parson said—poor man!—I was really quite sorry for him, and my father would have been absolutely shocked, for the company had used to pay him
more

more or less, just as they won or lost at cards—indeed I thought he seemed to have no advantage but that of saying grace at the head of the table, whilst the ladies were fighting for the wings of the chickens.—But I must tell you one circumstance that happened about Mrs. Grudgens—one day she was very busy in carving an immense goose that stood before her, when captain Glanville desired her next neighbour to help him to some apple pye—Mrs. Grudgens, with all the good nature in the world, came immediately out of the goose, and plunged directly into the pye—to be sure she was elbow-deep in sage and onion—and the captain was so unlucky, for he is a man of vast wit, as to set all the company into a loud laugh

by calling out — “ For heaven’s fake
madam stop—I asked for apple pye—
I did not mean a medley one.”

Whether you are at all entertained
with my letter or not, you will see
at least that my resentments are of
no long continuance — and that I am
as much as ever,

Your affectionate sister,
Susan Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

I Must still think you too young to
go into orders—I may be particu-
lar in my notions perhaps—but I will
cheerfully streighten my own circum-
stances to approve my sincerity.—
It has been well observed, that
“ young

“ young men are apt to mistake the completion of their academic courses for the completion of their theologic studies” — a mistake which inclines them to aspire to teach others, seeing the rather, (as St. Paul expresses it) that they ought to be taught themselves.”—Those who are appointed to explain the oracles of God, should have attended to them most particularly—otherwise they may soon be caught in the delusive snares of modern infidelity, or wax old in the pernicious system of not changing “the posture of defence, and of keeping to strong holds.”—And I am sorry to observe, that true religion has nearly suffered as much from the one as from the other—Our Saviour, perhaps, has confined the practice of

our duty within the limits of his own sermon on the mount; nevertheless, as a divine, it will be required that you should be able to give a rational account of the faith that is in you—a rational and a cautious one let it always be, for the Scriptures, in the hands of controvertists, have generally been wrested to the most infamous purposes—each man insisting on that being irreligion, which was only not consonant to his own prejudices.—St. Augustine, I know, asserts, that * “when any enquiry is made, it is not necessary that you should say any thing to the purpose, but well or ill that you should always keep talking”—but none but

* *Dictum est tamen —, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur.* Aug. de Trin. lib. v. c. 9.

such

such a faint would have said it, and this very assertion with me would invalidate his whole authority.—

In regard to studying the Fathers in general, I can only say, that I hope they were sincere, but by their strange interpretations, (to say no worse of them) they have opened a door to ridicule; and from their absurdities, modern infidels have sought occasion to undermine the main fabrick of religion itself. What can be said in excuse for writers, where some endeavour to prove that it was necessary there should be only † four evangelists, because there were only four elements, four climates, four cardinal

† Quatuor, quoniam quatuor sunt partes orbis terræ, &c. Aug. de Conf. Evang. lib. i. 3. it. Vid. Iren. lib. iii. c. 11. Theophyl. Procem in Matth.

winds, and four cardinal virtues; and others †, that Christ could not ascend to sit at the right hand of God, for if he sat at the right, God himself must sit at the left."—These are not merely the testimonies that Voltaire, Rousseau, or even Dr. Middleton, may bear against them, but the more certain testimony that they bear against themselves;—from what I have said, therefore, think no scorn to trace the causes of their mistakes, but by no means presume to determine essentials on their fallacious authority. And let me require you never to raise scruples in the minds of well disposed people, under the pretence of preaching against infidelity, for if your ar-

† Si Filius federet ad dextram, Pater federet ad sinistram.

guments are ever so cogent, you cannot strike at any great number, for very few infidels will ever be your hearers—and there is no such thing as a Sect of Free-thinkers—it is just as ridiculous, as Dr. Bentley observes ||, as to talk of a rope of sand.

And let me particularly enjoin you never to take up ill opinions of, or denounce against any man, merely on account of his sect or party—for, as our Saviour says “ In his Father’s “ house there are many mansions,” so I have no doubt but there are many ways that may lead to them.

Enthusiasm is the growth of a narrow mind and a heated imagination, infidelity is the result of false reason-

|| Phil. Lipf. . .

ing

winds, and four cardinal virtues; and others †, that Christ could not ascend to sit at the right hand of God, for if he sat at the right, God himself must sit at the left."—These are not merely the testimonies that Voltaire, Rousseau, or even Dr. Middleton, may bear against them, but the more certain testimony that they bear against themselves;—from what I have said, therefore, think no scorn to trace the causes of their mistakes, but by no means presume to determine essentials on their fallacious authority. And let me require you never to raise scruples in the minds of well disposed people, under the pretence of preaching against infidelity, for if your ar-

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ing

ing, and a wicked bias — from the former we are empowered to believe “ a solid system of old wives stories,” and from the latter, that, though the history be ever so authentic, we ought never to believe at all—whatever may be their difference in another world, in this, they equally tend to gloom, madness, and desperation—by not calling in our reason, we debase the religion we profess, and by calling in too much, we are apt to invalidate faith, reject revelation, and then our minds will extravagate through all the wilds of error and absurdity.

I am ever your affectionate father,

Robert Paulet.

P. S. In

P. S. In regard to the present dispute about the Articles, my own opinion is, that no other test should be required than the Apostles Creed; but this opinion is not orthodox.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Father,

I Am just returned from Sadlers Wells, which does not only lower my idea of the times, but even of human nature—I do not so much reflect on the entertainment itself as it is called, as on the cruel means that must have been made use of before the managers could have procured so dreadful an exhibition—whence can arise the pleasure of seeing children suspended in the air, or tossed about
at

at the utmost hazard of their lives to gratify the avarice of unnatural parents? But indeed the country affords almost as strong instances of cruelty, as town, for wrestling, single-stick, or even foot-ball, are never considered as diversions by the common people, but as attended with danger, mischief, or blood-shed;—but in town, what shocks me most, is that continual flocking to executions—in the country, from the less frequency of them, even butchers weep, but here they are accounted the next diversions to Sadlers Wells; and by use men can see a monkey dangling from a wire, or a fellow-creature expiring at the gallows with equal unconcern—how much care therefore should be taken to inculcate the principles of humanity
in

in youth, a term which in general, I believe, is mistaken for cowardice; how little care indeed is taken, even amongst the higher ranks of people, who suffer their children unmercifully to treat the whole brute-creation, and then wonder that in time they become cruel enemies and undutiful children—they think not how early these inhuman principles are imbibed; they begin indeed in infancy only with torturing flies, but they end in delighting to view the most horrid murders of the inquisition.

At other places of great resort, a dog shows you what it is o'clock; bears dance minuets, and sparrows country-dances; but such exhibitions ought not to be allowed in a civilized country; for no valuable discoveries

coveries are likely to be made from them, that can any ways atone for the tortures which the birds or animals must experience in the training.

You find I am desirous of seeing every thing once, and giving you my free thoughts as they flow, without staying to marshal them in any order. I return you my best thanks for the kind advice contained in your last—and wish to receive more hints on the same subject.

—remain, &c.

Charles Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

THE alterations already made at Marleston are so great, that I hardly know my own village—Mr. Mafsem every day makes purchases of ground, no matter at what expence, that Mr. Layout may at least acknowledge he has scope enough for his invention. I hear of nothing but Obelisks, Statues, Gazebos, Terminations, and a Laurel-belt—they talk of taste just as if it was to be brought down in a broad-wheeled waggon, and they had nothing to do but to scatter it at random—Mr. Layout thinks there should be a clump, and there is one; the 'squire thinks it would look pretty
to

to cut a vista through it, and it is cut; and his sister thinks she should like a dairy-house near the spot, and she builds it—so that at last it will be an *Olio*, a *Christmas Pie*, a *Solomon Gundy*, or perhaps a *Fool's Coat*—I must own, it rather grieves me to find that the grove on the right hand, where the rustic seat was, with the motto of *Hæ latebræ dulces & si jam credis, amænæ*, should be condemned to be cut down, as well as the large one, which Mr. Arlington had used to call Shenstone's Grove, for the urn to his memory was prettily executed, and the placing of the statue of the Sibyl in front of it, which seemed to exclaim *Procul O procul este profani!* was in my opinion a very happy thought—however, they are all to be swept away, to make room,

as the 'squire informs me, for a fine Mercury *with his quiver*, and a Hercules *with his trident*—I fear, somehow or other, these Latin mottoes have called down vengeance on the groves themselves, for I am sure, that neither he nor his chaplain can construe them—instead of these venerable shades, a paltry shrubbery is to be planted, which is to be decorated (as the 'squire would say), “with all the monsters of the internal world.”—By what I see of the intended alterations of the water, it is destined to take any course but its own, for the merit of every thing seems to consist only in the sum it is to cost;—where the genius of the place is attended to, I am as much delighted as any man with modern

improvements—but where expence is only considered, or mistaken as another name for real taste, I feel so much disgust, that I turn away my eyes from false ornament, to contemplate nature herself in a simple form, unbroke-in upon by a Mr. Lay-out.

Mr. Massem has not only qualified himself to act as a Justice of the peace, but has likewise bought a seat in parliament—from this latter acquisition to his dignity, he will be enabled to do very little good or harm; but from the former, where some preparation is necessary, much mischief may accrue to the neighbourhood, if he should prove, as I fear will be the case, “a law unto himself.”—indeed I am far from wishing to circumscribe

scribe the power of a justice, for very few are willing to act as it is without pecuniary advantages,—and this I partly attribute to the great increase of attornies—these sinful men in the flesh (as the Quakers call them) have stopped the free course of justice, and turned that food, which ought to have proved our nourishment and support, into a disease.—

What could be his motive for going into parliament (*except the honour on't*) I did not foresee, but Miss Massem informs me, that this will account for his civility in bowing to many of the shabby-looking people that he meets with in the streets of London—he may now call them his constituents, but I believe in reality

they are no other than his own poor relations.

Oh! Charles, this Miss Massem is, I fear, a woman of bad principles; and though she is particularly kind and attentive to my daughter, yet I heartily wish the girl had never been introduced to her — she is artful in her conduct, violent in her prejudices, and “made up of passions.” — Her friends pretend to excuse her by saying that she cannot curb herself, and that she is always the same before every body, but I should be apt to add, except her brother, from whom she has large expectations, so that you see the God of Wealth has infinitely more influence over her than the God of Heaven.

There

There is a captain continually with her, whom I utterly detest; but of him more hereafter.

P. S. Mr. Massem has just been with me, and told me the price of his seat; and I agree with him that he has bought in very dear, for the stocks on that exchange are soon likely to fall.

All your letters give me pleasure, so, pray, write as often as you can.

Your sister joins in all love with your affectionate father,

Marleston.

Robert Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

MR. Massem's family intend to go to town immediately after Christmas, to stay only a very short time, and they have been so kind as to offer to take me with them, and bear all my expences—this is a favour that I had no right in the world to expect from them; but, great as it is, I fear I shall not be able to accept it, unless you, brother, will be so good as to throw in your interest with my father—Miss Massem has lain at him continually, but let her say what she will, he seems to have no inclination but to mew me up at Marleston—whenever I urge any thing of the necessity

necessity of my seeing more of the world, he always says he does not wish it—that he had much rather see me married to a good man, than a great one, and I believe he is as likely to meet with the one as the other in this neighbourhood, unless he can persuade poor old Dr. Snore to make an offer, or the ever amiable and charming master Patty Pipkin; but perhaps he aspires so high as to think I may marry 'squire Homebrew'd, or Parson Poacher — if I should be honoured with the first, my employment would be I suppose to make tea all day long to settle his stomach, and if I take the other, I should be constantly engaged in packing up hampers of hares and partridges to send to town, to be exchanged by

his correspondents for oysters and brandy.—My father seriously, I believe, means all for my good, but I am every day more and more convinced that his not knowing the world, will be my greatest misfortune, for I am sure Marlestone is not the place, if a woman (as Miss Mafsem says) is intended to make the most of herself. In short, brother, all my comfort this winter depends upon you, for there is nobody else can persuade my father if you can't; and you must have a poor opinion indeed of me, if you think both my safety and my prudence are at stake, because I shall chance to breathe for a week or two the air of London.

Let me hope soon to feel the effects of such a letter as you can write if
you

you please, which will ever confer a most lasting obligation on your affectionate sister,

Marleston.

Susan Paulet.

To Miss Paulet, &c.

Dear Sister,

BY all the affection I bear you, let me entreat you not to urge this London journey too far—my father is convinced that it is absolutely improper, or he never would deny you; and I think you could not enjoy pleasures abroad that must be purchased with uneasiness at home—perhaps he wishes not to receive such obligations, or perhaps he thinks that it will throw you into a mode of life
not

not calculated to promote your real happiness — whatever are his objections, I should think his sentiments should be the rule of your conduct. In regard to “women making the most of themselves,” Miss Massem has borrowed that idea from her brother, who has been used in India to make such purchases at a public market; and indeed if the plan was as openly avowed here, in my mind it would make but very little difference—for what is running from plays to concerts, from concerts to routs, and from routs to the Pantheon, but being equally exposed to sale at a public market—and what is the preparation to it but the vilest prostitution of time, reason, and tranquility—the mornings are passed in selecting ornaments,

ments, and the conquests of the evening depend on the skill of the hair-dresser in adjusting them—how important He is considered can only be known by seeing the disappointment, vexation, and uneasiness that are occasioned when, after two hours waiting, the fatal message is brought, that he cannot possibly wait on the lady till next day—and what are the conquests after, all, that are to be made here — of men perhaps chagrined at having lost their last guinea, or of fops who have found out a new way to trim their frocks, or tie their neckcloths—alas! these men are too much taken up with themselves to be sufficiently attentive to the ladies, and the Wise have long since known that, where a woman's darling passion

is

is Vanity, the first fruits of marriage
can only be a Divorce.

I have been obliged to speak out;
but I make no apology, for I am cer-
tain that your future welfare depends
entirely on your present caution.

I am with more sincerity than
complaisance,

Your most affectionate brother,

Cavendish square.

Charles Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Father,

ALL the diversions I see here contribute to lower my respect for the public—whether the national capacity is weakened, or whether the encreasing numbers of the idle and the vain make it no longer necessary to consult propriety in entertainments, I know not, but certain I am that the taste of the town is as depraved as its principles,

It was a complaint made, some years ago, that our Operas were disgraced with the lowest insipidity of composition and sing-song, and that there was nothing to be admired but the mere tricks of the performers—this must always be the case in a nation where a fidler is more estimated

ed than a composer; but now the times are so far altered, that neither the fidler nor the music are attended to at all—if the eye is pleased, the ear and understanding are supposed to be gratified of course. — Those who chiefly frequent operas, gape out this part of the performance, and wake not till they are caught up with raptures at the unmeaning strut of a celebrated Dancer.

Translations of that miserable dialogue, which were heretofore thought only fit to be set to music, are now received at the theatres with the greatest applause, under the appellation * of Comedy — bewilder only the attention with a quick succession of

* Mr. Paulet surely forgets the West Indian, which is undoubtedly one of the best Comedies in the language. Editor.

incidents, and Scotticisms, French jargon, and Irish blunders, in short, a Babel of languages are sure to supply all deficiencies of wit and humour.

In regard to Tragedies—those that I have seen are merely indebted to the quackery of a manager for their success, indeed most of them appear to be made by the same receipt—the ingredients are a tyrant, a marriage, incest, murder, and a triumph: the poetry (once thought essential) now seems to make the least part of the production—a scheme is laid between a manager, a painter, an author, and a scene-shifter to fabricate a new piece—the action must be laid in a part of the world that will best suit the scenery of the house; for, by a little dexterity in the painter, the
figure

figure of a Colossus may be easily changed into an Egyptian idol;—the next step is to consult the strength of the house, in regard to the performers—as there are no tolerable men, the lady must recite at least half the play—they have an old man that can make a shift to whine out a small part, a roaring tyrant, and a d—m your blood lover, and then the scene-shifters may supply the rest.—Whilst the work is perfecting, the public is informed by the News-papers that a gentleman of distinguished abilities (now abroad) will soon favour the town with a new tragedy—the first night of the performance the house is crowded in every corner of it (for mankind are not in quest of what is good, but of any Hash that they mistake

take to be a new one)—the curtain rises to soft music, the lady makes vows at the altar, the tyrant and his trumpets alarm her—she faints, and is ordered to be married.—A hermit secretes her from the tyrant—discovers himself to be her father, the lover finds out the hermitage, and the second act ends with their embraces.—They must then embrace no more—he is her brother—she flies from him to an altar, or a tomb, (this makes variety in the puppet-show)—the tyrant sees her, and would absolutely bear her off, but she is rescued by her brother.—In the fourth act her brother is seized by the tyrant's guards—is imprisoned—she visits him—the guards drag her from her brother to the tyrant—he then resolves

H instantly

instantly to marry her—she screams, and the hermit bursts in, and promises to make an important discovery, if he will only delay the nuptials—the tyrant still persists—his guards seize the hermit—she rages, prays, and goes mad—the noise encreases, and the theatre is drowned with tears.—Expectation is now big for the fifth act—what a scene of distress!—she is absolutely forced to the altar, but there, rather than marry the tyrant, the murderer of her race, she recovers her senses, and murders him herself—the guards take no notice of the matter, and the house applauds her for near a quarter of an hour;—the hermit then declares that her lover is not her brother, but a young prince whom he has educated, and
therefore

therefore with great piety gives his blessing on their nuptials—all then is joy and exultation—and thus, agreeable to all the rules of Tragedy, ends this miserable happy catastrophe.—Some half dozen in the theatre perhaps may be rather discontented, but to keep them in humour, a favourite actress takes off their attention from the play, by giving them the news of the town by way of epilogue.

This may not be the exact drama; but *Sethona*, which I have just now seen, is, if possible, much more ridiculous and inconsistent.

I am ever, &c.

Charles Paulet.

P. S. The author of Sethona has sacrificed his own better judgment in compliance with the taste of the town —his tragedy of Zingis has infinite merit, and his History of Hindostan intitles him to a high rank amongst the learned and ingenious.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

MR. Massem's family have been some time in town, and I begin to think it full as well that I am left behind ; however, I shall always submit my sollicitudes to the prudence of my friends.—My father has been very kind in paying off all my expences on my Derbyshire tour, though Mr. Massem was very much against it; and he says, that as soon as ever he thinks it expedient, he will give me leave to take another journey—do not think ill of me for the over anxiety I have shown about this, but rather view me with an eye of

pity, for though I share the caution of a father, and the affection of a brother, yet deprived of a mother's peculiar watchfulness and care, what am I but a poor unfeltered bark exposed to every gale.

I am in all sincerity your affectionate sister,

Marleston.

Susan Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

ACCORDING to your desire I shall now endeavour to point out to you some *Minutiæ*, as they are called, which may serve as proper hints, before you go into Holy Orders—*Minutiæ*, which not being sufficiently attended to, always confirm me in the opinion that a minister is either ignorant of, or indifferent to the service he is to perform.—By the Rubrick, before the Common Prayer of the 2d of Edw. VI. it was ordered that the priest being in the quire (that is, in his own seat there) should begin with the Lord's Prayer; but early in the reign of queen Elizabeth,

reading desks were set up in the body of the church, and then the Sentences, Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution were generally introduced†—in regard to the Sentences, I shall only observe that any of them are proper, but if you begin with “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us, but if we confess our sins, He, &c.”—you must here supply the word *God*, for *He* has no reference. The exhortation, which must be read with dignity and earnestness, should close I think at “heavenly Grace,” and the words “saying after me,” should be pronounced as you are kneeling down.—The absolution

† Vid: Burn's Eccles. Law,

should

should not be given, as I have frequently heard it, as if the minister had power to forgive sins, but the voice must be carefully kept up till you come to "He pardoneth and forgiveth," &c.—The Venite, which must now be considered as another exhortation, was formerly used to hasten people into church, and Durandus, I think, mentions that some lazy Christians had always used to lie in bed till they heard the Venite sung.—The Psalms * have been objected to by

* In point of composition, the 114th Psalm is a finer ode than any in Horace.

When Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from among strange people,

Judah was his sanctuary : and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw that and fled ; Jordan was driven back.

The

by many, as being composed for particular occasions, and not general enough in their use, but they contain such energy, such simplicity and elegance, that the finest fervour of devotion must be borrowed from them—the stops you know are calculated for the chaunt, and much ab-

The mountains skipped like rams : and the little hills like young sheep.

What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest : and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back ?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams : and ye little hills like young sheep ?

Tremble thou earth at the presence of the Lord : at the presence of the God of Jacob.

The following verse “ Who turned the hard rock into a standing water : and the flint-stone into a springing well,” in the Translation is an instance of the Bathos, and I could *there* wish to have it omitted. What a subject is this Psalm for setting to music, if Boyce, Howard, or some other great composer was to undertake it !

furdity

furdity will arife if you do not minutely confider the fenfe, and keep up your voice at the end of thofe verfes where the fentence is not complete—nor is this all—the manner muft be particularly attended to—a penitential Pfalm fhould be read very differently from that of an exultation;—in regard to the leffons, there is a ftill greater fcope—the manner of reading them, fhould be as various as the matter; for what can be more oppofite than the commands of Pharaoh, and the fupplication of Judah—this is fcarce ever attended to; for moft divines, I am forry to fay, read even the threatnings of Goliah with the meek voice of David—the New Testament demands that in the gofpel you fhould plainly recite a
nar-

narrative—in the fifteenth of Corinthians, that you should triumph in your redemption.—In the Belief, I confess, that I am much hurt that most congregations should bow at the name of Jesus, and not at that of God the Father—this—if it has any meaning, exalts the Son above the Father, which is unnecessary in a Protestant country—but the custom has crept in from taking a text in St. Paul in the literal sense “at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,” &c.—Then follow the Collects—and here I must particularly take notice of that on Advent Sunday, which I hope you can repeat with the propriety it deserves—when you come to that passage “that at the last day, when He shall come again in his glorious

glorious Majesty," &c. your own feelings will prompt you to throw in a suitable degree of solemnity—weigh the whole of it, I entreat you, for it is one of the finest models of petitionary composition.—When the Order for Morning and Evening Service began with the Lord's Prayer, it ended with the third Collect for Grace—the Litany was then a separate service, and I could almost wish that it had either remained so, or that more prayers were omitted on those days that it is appointed to be read—the recital of it however requires particular attention—oh! how frequently has it offended both my ear and understanding when a minister has made a full stop at "all uncharitableness," as if he had no need to be delivered

delivered from it."—In regard to the Communion Service, I shall at present only observe, that you should not give the Commandments from the altar—this is making the old law of more weight than the new—the code to be amended, more sacred than the law explained—in short, if it must be read at all, it should be read at the beginning, not at the end; but I need not inform you that this likewise was originally a separate service. These are the chief remarks which immediately occur, and which being weighed, may add propriety to the fervency of your devotion—the subject will improve upon you by attention, for though I am not so zealous as some divines who assert that our service is perfect in the beauty of holiness, yet

I am

I am fully convinced, that upon the whole it is a reasonable and a holy service †.—In regard to sermons, let me ask you the following questions—have you studied Dr. Jeremy Taylor for matter and not for style? have you read Dr. Clarke for fine arguments and nice distinctions—Sherlock for strength and persuasion *,

† Controversy about the Trinity, in my opinion, is a disease that wants quiet rather than cure—as to the Articles, the divines must give up a few to save the rest—they urge that such tests are necessary to keep out Arians, Socinians, *Evansonians*, &c.—why should they be kept out? In the name of God, I say, let them all come in, and be made here, as I hope they will be hereafter, one fold under one shepherd!

* “Ask the sinner then, whether the fears of futurity are all idle dreams? And as you like his answer follow his example.” Sherlock’s 8th Discourse, 4th vol.

and

and Jortin for plain reason, and sober sense—have you felt the sublimity of Warburton †, and admired the con-

† “ Those specific attributes, from which we deduce all our knowledge of the nature and will of God, are formed on analogy and bear relation to ourselves. But then, we say, such attributes are not on that account the less real or essential. The light of the sun is not in the orb itself what we see it in the rainbow. There it is one candid, uniform, perfect blaze of glory: here, we separate its perfection, in the various attributes of red, yellow, blue, purple, and what else the subtile optician so nicely distinguishes. But still the solar light is not less real in the rainbow, where its rays become thus untwisted, and each differing thread distinctly seen, than while they remain united and incorporated with one another in the sun. Just so it is with the divine nature: it is one simple, individual perfection in the Godhead himself: but when refracted and divaricated, in passing through the human mind, it becomes power, justice, mercy; which are all separately and adequately represented to the understanding.” Warburton’s 2d Serm. 1st vol.

cise

cise elegance of Hurd?—You can answer, I hope, all these questions in the affirmative—let me then advise you to buy all the sermons that Manwaring has ever published—would his pamphlets were folios! but for more common use attend to—study Bourdaloue—the length of your discourses should not exceed twenty minutes (few hearers can keep up their attention so long). but should you be dull, heavy, uninformative, nay I will say unentertaining, half that time will be estimated an hour—a good sermon, delivered with propriety and earnestness, always attracts—even the infidel keeps his snuff-box in his pocket, and the ladies are silent about their fans; but once lose their attention, the whole air distils the dews of Morpheus,

I

pheus, the 'prentice recollects his Saturday's fatigue, and his mistress is forced to pinch her husband to prevent a snore—in short, though I hate both, I think volatile essence is a better ingredient in a sermon than a downright opiate.—But what subjects must; you choose for discourses?—here I should hesitate—by no means introduce party—never preach *at* any body; this is the fruit of private resentment, not of Christian zeal—don't pretend to expound very difficult texts—expositions of this kind become the press better than the pulpit—such disquisitions should be read, not heard—address the senses and the heart—quote not chapter and verse, but give the substance, and, if you could, the manner of St. Paul; for I am convinced

vinced that he preached not like—
 or—but like Hinchliffe, Porteus, or
 Hurd;—now and then take subjects
 from the Bible, but most frequently
 from the New Testament; a good
 comment on any sentence in our Sa-
 viour's sermon on the mount is of it-
 self a full discourse, but you may
 make excursions—I have read ex-
 cellent discourses against gaming, and
 very lately a most useful sermon
 against inhumanity to brutes. But
 where are you to preach?—by no
 means for a constancy in a village,
 where your principal auditors will be
 only a few overgrown farmers*—it

* It is well Mr. Paulet has confined himself to
 the overgrown ones, for I humbly conceive that the
 middling farmers, like the middle ranks of people,
 were the most attentive as well as the most intelli-
 gent of his audience. Editor.

is scarce possible to do much good amongst them—they will not regard you for your reasoning, but for your revenue; and I declare I would almost as willingly see you transported to live amongst the New Zealanders, as (after the education I have given you) that you should fall at last a dupe to gross ignorance and low conceit—the foldier is brave, and the sailor is generous—the mechanic in the course of his traffic has had opportunities of enlarging his ideas; but the farmer having never burst the web, thinks himself as wise as the parish clerk, who is convinced of his own omniscience, because he has never met with any one but the parson to tell him ~~the~~ contrary—I allow that I speak here with some degree of acrimony,

mony, but I am clearly convinced that these men have greatly augmented the distresses of the inferior clergy, and it is chiefly owing to them, in conjunction with attornies, that there is so much "leading into captivity, and such complaining in our streets."

—These are the only men about us, my dear Charles, who have shown neither gratitude nor affection to the memory of poor Mr. Arlington, yet are ready on every occasion to bow the knee most servilely to the Nabob.—This brings on melancholy reflections: adieu for the present, and believe me ever

your affectionate father,

Marleston.

Robert Paulet.

P.S. Let me give you one more caution in regard to sermons—never introduce any thing ludicrous in them—it may be called preaching in the manner of South or Sterne, but it is a bad manner, and I pray you avoid it—Atterbury has frequently disgusted me beyond measure with vulgar allusions; and even the bishop of Gloucester, when he talks of Hocus Pocus tricks, in a sermon on the resurrection.

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Cannot forbear sending you my earliest acknowledgements for your kind remarks—I will give them, at least, all the attention they deserve.

I have not only seen your neighbour, Mr. Masson, but have heard him speak in the house of commons on the bookfellers petition—he enlarged on the *nearness* and *dearness* of property in general—“ that it was for that only that men had been enabled to risque every thing that was valuable to them in this life—that he thought authors were a very pernicious race of men; that they caused all that abuse on men of property that

appeared so frequently in the newspapers, and that the booksellers were a pack of bloodhounds that set them on; that he therefore hoped neither of them would have any relief under *this here* bill—that he thoroughly understood this particular kind of property; he had weighed it, and viewed it in every light, and was fully convinced that the whole was merely a **dispute** between the statute law and **the** common law of the land; for his own part, therefore, he should always be for the former.”——He spoke long and with great confidence, and was much better heard on the subject of *property*, than either a Burke or a Barré would have been, had the *weight* and *circulation* of it been materially engaged against them.

I write

I write with a rapid pen, which
you must excuse, &c.

I am your dutiful
and affectionate son,

Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet.

Dear Charles,

I Was in hopes to have found more
Remarks of Mr. Arlington's on
Gardening, &c. than I am at present
able to send you—he evidently in-
tended to have said more on Archi-
tecture, which is absolutely necessary
likewise to be thoroughly understood
by the complete Master of modern
Design.

From these papers you will see
what notions the ancients held of
garden-

gardening in general ; but should you ever wish to dive into further particulars, I will shew you a most curious book on that subject, which I have by me ; the title of it is *Stengel de Horto*—mine is the second edition, printed in 1650.—There are a thousand different receipts to make paradises ; and his account of the gardens in Italy will much divert you : indeed I suspect that the Italian gardens are not much improved since the days of *Phlaumeren*. — In regard to the French gardens, you may look over a book entitled *Voyage Pittoresque des Environs des Paris, par M. D.* . . He begins, as you would suppose a Frenchman to begin, with saying, “ Ce
 “ n’est point un paradoxe, d’avancer
 “ que les plus beaux jardins de l’Eu-
 “ rope

“ rope font ceux de France.”—I was surprised to find in Maundrell’s Travels, that there was so much genuine taste amongst the Turks.

Since lord Kamis and Mr. Shenstone published their Remarks, there has appeared a little Essay on Design in Gardening, by a gentleman of the Temple, and an octavo volume of Observations, written by Mr. Wh—ley ; both of them books of merit, but the latter, I think, is too full of technical terms for a novice to engage in.

Mr. Arlington differs in opinion from Mr. Mason, in regard to avenues—this is combating great authority, but if I was to decide, I should be so old-fashioned as to give my verdict against the poet. But
you

you will say, what is all this to me, who perhaps may never have ten acres of ground in my possession, or ever cultivate any thing better than potatoes or cabbages — this may be very true, but I would be equally able to feel, and to make proper remarks, and to exclaim in the words of Goldsmith, that lawns, lakes, towns, fields, and woods

“ For me their tributary stores com-

“ bine ;

“ Creation’s heir, the world, the

“ world is mine.”

I am your ever affectionate father,

Marleston,
March 1, 1774.

Robert Paulet.

S T R I C T U R E S O N LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

From Mr. ARLINGTON's Papers.

Τότε γὰρ ἡ τέχνη τέλειος ἦν· ἃν φύσις εἰ
δοκῇ, ἡ δ' αὖ Φύσις ἐπιτωχὴς ὅταν λανθάνε-
σαν περιέχτην τέχνην Longinus.

GARDENING, says an ingenious au-
thor †, was at first an useful art”
—but Eden ‡ was calculated for plea-
sure, and a life of labour succeeded
not till after the fall.

“In modern language, the garden
of Alcinous might be but a kitchen-
garden,” yet, as Eustathius observes,
“ornaments was sought for even there,
however unsuccessfully,” unless we
suppose the description given by Ho-

† Lord Kamis.

‡ Sir Wm. Temple.

mer to be “wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter, like the little island of Phæacia.”

It would not be of much importance to enquire whether the gardens of Babylon were brought into use by Semiramis, Syrus, or Belus—we find in general, that they were terraces one above the other, carried up to the height of the wall of the city, and planted with stately trees, in imitation of the hanging woods, which Amyite had been accustomed to in the mountainous parts of Media.

As the gardens of Solomon were chiefly calculated for magnificence, and those of the Hesperides celebrated for the excellence of their fruit only, I shall venture to suppose the dawn of taste to rise with the old Bard in his description of Calypso's bower,

With-

Without the grot, a various sylvan
scene

Appear'd around, and groves of living
green ;

Poplars and alders, ever quiv'ring
play'd,

And nodding cypress form'd a fra-
grant shade ;

Four limpid fountains from the cliffs
distil,

And every fountain pours a sev'ral
rill,

In mazy windings wand'ring down
the hill :

Where bloomy meads with vivid
greens were crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours
round ;

A scene,

A scene, where if a god should cast
his sight,
A god might gaze, and wonder with
delight. Pope's Odyſſey.

It is not improbable, ſays Sir William Temple, but that the moſt refined pleaſures of invention deſcended earlier into Lower Aſia from Damafcus and Affyria—but as theſe nations abounded not with heroes, the poets make little or no mention of them.

It has been ſuppoſed, that Epicurus was the firſt who introduced gardens into Greece—but Pliny affures us, he was only the firſt who had a garden within the city of Athens, whereas before his time they were without the walls, like the *Horti Suburbani* of the Romans.

In

In such retreats this great philosopher gave the most shining precepts of morality, however misrepresented by the Stoics, or mistaken by those gross pretenders to his sect, who conceived pleasure to consist only in sensuality—they served the two purposes of assembling the philosopher's pupils for instruction, and of furnishing them, as Cowley well expresses it, “with cheap and virtuous luxury.”

Nor was this luxury confined merely to the philosophers—the greatest warriors sought for hours of reflection in such retirements, and the same hands were employed in the service of agriculture, which had raised and supported the glory of their country.

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Though

Though utility was chiefly sought for in the gardens of the philosophers, yet Virgil's Description of the Elyfian Fields affords a most beautiful specimen of bold imagery and rich design.--"The full green of the woods—the gayly illuminated lawn, the grove with the rapid river issuing from it; the dusky thickets, the fresh meads watered with rills, the sequestered vale rendered more solemn by the thick wood, and placid stream."—His account likewise of the old Corycians gardens makes us greatly lament, that haste should have deprived the world of his masterly instructions on a subject he so much admired—Father Harduin, indeed, in his Notes on Pliny, thinks the loss is amply made up to us by his brother Jesuit's Poem on Gardening, which
 he

he puts in competition with the Georgics—an opinion which will be adopted by such critics as feel no difference between the feeble descriptions of——and the glowing pictures of a *Mason*.

In England we have ever, till of late, most servilely copied our methods of gardening from the Italians, French, Flemish, or Dutch, all of whom indeed seem to have offered nothing better in the construction of them, than “clipt hedges, parterres, squirting fountains, true-love knots, and flourishes.”—Sir William Temple seems much delighted with the taste brought in by king William, of which the evergreen quarter at Kensington remains a specimen; and offers Moore Park, in Hertfordshire, as the perfectest

fectest figure of a garden he ever saw—indeed he allows there may be other forms admitted wholly irregular, but they must owe their beauty to some extraordinary dispositions of nature.

Lord Bacon does not like images cut out in juniper, or other garden-stuff—"they be for children," says he—"but can approve of little low hedges cut round like welts, with some pretty pyramids—and in some places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work."

Mr. Pope severely ridicules the invasion of nature, but proposes a place to be copied from, which in his time partook largely of the old absurdities†; and whose beauties were but

† A full detail of them may be found in Monsr. de Phlaumeren, &c

trifling and puerile—*Stowe*, when compared with Versailles, might demand some share of admiration, but immense would be the distance from that genuine taste which *Shenstone* † “and nature have brought us acquainted with.”

Stowe, indeed, under its modern improvements, may be considered as a very fine specimen of taste and design, particularly by those who are unacquainted with the exquisite elegance—I had almost said the absolute perfection of lord Scarfsdale’s.

“It seems to me, says lord Kamis, far from an exaggeration, that good professors are not more essential to a college than a spacious garden, which

† Vide Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

ought to be tempered with simplicity, rejecting sumptuous and glaring ornaments—in this respect the university of Oxford may be deemed a perfect model.”—That the gardens of Oxford may be as useful and efficacious as those of ancient Rome, for the purposes of study and application, I will by no means presume to deny—but they are certainly as artful as their buildings—they are formal without unity of design, and complex without variety.

“Regularity,” says the same author, “is required in that part of a garden which joins the dwelling-house.”—The beauties of a dwelling-house arise from regularity and proportion, but the works of art and nature have a different destination

tion — utility would suffer if the ground was not polished near the dwelling ; but this polish, to speak philosophically, should be, I think inversely as the distance.

Mr. Burke doubts “ whether beauty be at all an idea belonging to proportion ” — surely the effect produced by it in architecture strikes even a common eye with pleasure — the instance produced from vegetables is not much to the purpose, for it will appear from an accurate survey, that there is more regularity in the parts of flowers than is commonly imagined — their forms indeed are infinitely varied, but in the same plant nature seldom deviates from the laws of proportion, and some of our best botanists have actually founded much

of their systems upon the proportion of the parts—so far therefore from supposing no beauty to result from proportion, we may infer that some part at least of the beauty even of vegetables arises from it.

It is supposed by modern rules that all avenues of course must be cut down, but I am far from thinking, that they may not frequently remain to great advantage—they must be long and wide, and should properly lead to a Gothic castle, tower, or any other large and ancient building.—I know it has been said, † “that avenues of a moderate length are far grander, and that a true artist should always put a generous deceit on the

† Vide Essay on Sublime and Beautiful.

spectator" — but though perspective will lessen greatness in height as it gains in length *,” yet I think it is equally certain that the duke of Montagu’s avenues will be considered as far more grand than those in St. James’s Park.

To remedy the ill effects of a straight line, an uniform curve is now adopted—but alteration is not always improvement—and it reminds me of the conduct of the matron, who, to prevent her daughter from dropping her chin into her bosom, threw it up into the air by the aid of a steel collar—Hogarth’s Analysis has as yet been read to very little purpose.

“ Grandeur may possibly be enforced by surprize †,” but propriety

• Burke.

† Shenstone.

will

will suffer for it—a magnificent building will certainly appear more magnificent after viewing a cottage—but where is the connection between a dairy and a Chinese temple, a rustic seat and a Grecian altar ?

We rarely see the whole of a building, with its furniture, confined to one expression—some minute article is for ever giving us disgust—we view an hermitage for instance;—from the gloomy entrance into it—the crucifix and other emblems placed in order—the straw-bed and old seat—we are so struck with the solemnity of the scene, that we are even in expectation of seeing the saint himself approach to meet us—till all of a sudden a modern dining table presents itself to view, and at once destroys all our enthusiasm. —

How

How different this from the taste of him, who thought of only putting a few rude planks together, and carving the signs of the zodiac upon them.



Elevations of the different parts of Blenheim-house, when viewed separately on paper, are not unworthy of the greatest architect — but, when taken together, the whole appears as a most heavy pile of building—there is no contrast, no relief, though Mr. Pope, perhaps, made too severe a remark when he called it “ a quarry of stones above ground.”

Many

Many of our modern houses have been built from Italian models, without the least reference or conformity to the change of country—on account of heat in Italy, it is necessary to have but few windows—this must ever make a building not only appear heavy, but of course produce a contrary effect to that which ought to be sought for in a northern clime.

It was not always a specimen of bad taste in our ancestors that they built their houses in a valley, and moated them round about—safety in those times was principally to be considered—and improvements in mechanics had not then enabled them to live with equal convenience above hill as below.

The

The common opinion at present is, that a house cannot have too much prospect ; but I would carefully distinguish between looking at, and overlooking objects—the summit may be very proper for an observatory, but not always for a dwelling-house ; from which all objects, I think, should be seen distinctly, without the aid of a telescope.

* * * * *

“ A garden on a flat *, it is said, ought to be highly and † variously ornamented, in order to occupy the mind, and prevent its regretting the insipidity of a uniform plain. — ar-

* Lord Kaims.

† The ornaments must be very carefully suited ; for to dress up trifling subjects in grand and exalted expressions, will, in the end, only make them appear the more contemptible.

tificial

tificial mounts in this view are common—but no person has thought of an artificial walk elevated high above the plain.”—The effect of such a walk is most admirably exemplified in Mr. Garrick’s * polished ground at Hampton.

There will always be a material difference where the master himself is possessed of a fine taste, when compared with that of any hireling—he will more co-operate with nature—he has a better opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the Genius of his own place—a difference not to be explained on paper perhaps, but strongly to be felt at the

* But I cannot approve of the statue of Shakespeare—surely it would have been time enough to have represented him in marble or stone, when the very Genius of Shakespeare no longer presided there.

-Leasowes

* Leafowes—at † Cobham—at ‡ Ar-
bory — and § Kedleston.

No wonder that our taste in Eng-
land is still to be condemned, since
most of our largest gardens are laid
out by some general undertaker, who,
regardless of the peculiar beauties of
each situation, introduces the same
objects at the same distances in all.

“ Art should ever be timid of over-
stepping the modesty of nature, for
any thing over-done is from the pur-
pose ; and though it may make the
unskilful admire, cannot but make
the judicious grieve—the censure of
which, one (as Shakespeare observes
to the actors) must in your allow-

• Mr. Shenstone's.

† Sir R. Newdigate's.

‡ Mr. Hamilton's.

§ Lord Scardale's.

ance

ance out-weigh a whole theatre of others."

Gardening then, in its highest stage of improvement, is of the nature of an epic poem—the plan must be great, entire, and one. † "Even the least portions must have a reference to the whole.—Nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling conceits" which bad poets, or bad gardeners "are always ready to introduce. By which the observer is misled into another sort of pleasure opposite to that which is designed in the general plan. One conduces to the designer's aim, the completing of his work, — the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle,

† Dryden.

when

when he should be pursuing his main
adventure."—In short, as Pope says,

To build, to plant, whatever you in-
tend,

To rear the column, or the arch to
bend,

To swell the terras, or to sink the
grot ;

In all, let nature never be forgot.

Still follow sense, of every art the
soul,

Parts answ'ring parts, shall slide into
a whole.

L

To

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Have of late forborne to give you any account of my pupil, as I could not give you a very favourable one—he is permitted by his uncle to sit up so late over-night, that he is generally unfit for business all the next day.—A circumstance has lately happened that has given me much uneasiness, though I believe I had more reason to be concerned for his principles than his safety ;—a dispute arose the other evening (at cards I suspect), and words ran so high, that it was at length agreed to decide the important matter by single combat—the heroes met in form at the appointed time—their pistols

pistols missed fire, and the seconds interposed, — and there it ended ;— this, however, with the initials of their names—in couched terms—with distant observations —and short inuendoes, makes out a very pompous paragraph for the news-papers.—I have often, in my own mind, attributed the great encrease of duelling to the accounts that are there inserted — of this I am certain, it is one cause at least, if not a principal one ; but duelling will always be practised in every country “ where the dread of shame is greater than the love of glory”—for instance, now we read that “ a great dispute happened the other day at a certain great assembly” (the Robinhood perhaps, or the Sixpenny Pantheon) “ which was

determined to be decided by single combat—on the day appointed Mr. A—— met captain B——, Mr. D—— was second to Mr. A——, and captain G—— was second to captain B——; Mr. A—— received the first fire, and asked captain B—— if he would then ask pardon, who roughly answered—no; his honour forbade him;—then said Mr. A—— I must fire, though it will give me the most inexpressible concern to rob the public of so gallant and so respectable a character—on which he presented his pistol, pulled the trigger, and the ball grazed captain B——'s shoulder-knot; who instantly fell to the ground—the seconds interposed, and Mr. A—— called to a surgeon who stood at a small distance to assist captain B——, who

who was immediately carried home in a chair.”—Then comes “We hear that the amiable Miss C— was so alarmed at captain B——’s danger” (she did not know, we presume, at what distance they were to fire) “that she lay in fits the whole day, and her life is even now despaired of, — captain B——’s misery on this occasion is easier to be conceived than expressed, but he was conscious that a man destitute of honour must be totally unworthy of Miss C——’s love.” — Let your barber only read all this, and he sleeps not till he makes himself conspicuous.

Accept my best thanks for the gardening papers, which I have just received—will write again soon—in the mean time, believe me, &c.

Cavendish-Square,

Charles Paulet.

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

MY situation is every day more and more disagreeable to me,—my pupil has formed connections that will ruin his peace, and destroy my satisfaction,—his fortune is come too soon, and there are vulturs that already make a prey of him;—his uncle says he disapproves of Gaming, but is for ever speaking respectfully of the most abandoned characters of the times; and the young man is taught in the world, that to discharge any debts, but those of honour, is mechanical,—to regard money is below a man of rank, when so many men without any can cut so great a figure;
it

—it is not, I find, till men have played deep that they know the resources—then they can borrow money, and get great names to be bound with them; if one does not pay, another must,—but if none can?—they must bilk their creditors by going abroad, unless some lady of great fortune will in the mean time make herself happy by marrying a man of fashion and of the world.—This year then the whole set are again established, they contract new debts, and find out new fools to become security for the payment of them.—Whilst our nobility and gentry are thus squandering away their estates, what wonder is it that negotiators and attorneys are purchasing all the principal seats about London—their incomes are made great by

annuities, and their principal is established by premiums — these usurers (if they have not the impudence to take seats in parliament themselves, can nevertheless carry on the sale of boroughs for their dependents; and young men thus seduced, are generally compelled to barter their dearest interests to gain petty places in the excise, perhaps at the foot of the treasury-board, that they may satisfy the rapacious demands of an usurer's clerk. — Interest in the House arises from connections at Arthur's; and popularity is gained in the world from the clerk's brother being a writer in the news — every day new fools admire, and new fools are every day admitted to be plundered.

My

My pupil, alas ! is already a melancholy instance of a slavish subjection to the tyranny of fashion, and will soon be irrevocably plunged into the deep and desperate gulph of gaming—last night, however, he gave me at least a serious hearing, but informed me that it was utterly impossible that I should know any thing of life or of the world — “ Gaming,” says he, “ is as necessary a qualification for a young man of fashion as dress, dancing, fencing, or a knowledge of modern languages — it is practised universally abroad ; and play here at a high stake is not only an introduction, but become the only key of admittance into most of the best companies ; — how would Sir John Rouleau have ever got a seat in parliament, if he had

had not made a good acquaintance at Arthur's or Newmarket? — these are the only schools of advancement; and those fortunes," says he, "which you call lost, are only transferred for a night or two into other hands—besides, if they never return, the Great can easily make other compensations; and where is the difference between receiving a large income from a place, or from dirty farms, except that the former is here considered as the more honourable—those who value the latter only, can never be received into company at all, except at county-meetings or race-balls; and then they are only admitted like parsons, to laugh at bad jokes, or dance with ugly partners." — All this may be very true, but I am yet to be convinced

vinced that it is necessary to become a man of fashion, if the title must be purchased at the expence of peace, virtue, honour and religion; however, no reply can be made to arguments which have no "weak side" of reason to be attacked upon; but of this I am certain, that such principles every day encrease in the kingdom, and in a short time, I fear, will overwhelm it.

From this curs'd fount what mighty evils flow,
 Gaming—thou source of every human woe,
 Thou bane to peace, thou cause of every care,—
 Wives, children, parents—all the ruin share;

'Tis

'Tis thine to rob the mind of all relief,
And sink the hero to the midnight thief!

You will, most probably, receive my next from Bath,—on my return from thence, I intend to leave my pupil and go into orders.

I am ever, &c.

Cavendish-square,

Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Charles Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

I Shoot this letter at random—if you have left town for Bath, it will only for a while delay some uneasiness.—Glanville, I had been informed,
ed,

ed, had taken such liberties with your sister, that I was determined to intercept a letter which I supposed to have come from him—it proved to be the enclosed, which I send for your perusal; in the mean time, I have made no other comment but to forbid my daughter from ever having any more connections with *that* family. — You will see the use that is made of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I have read,—his mind, poor man! was a fine flower-garden, overrun with weeds—but he is dead—Mr. Stanhope is likewise dead—they are both dead—to meditate on Death is to pass the severest censure on those epistles——had he reflected on Death as frequently as on the “Graces,” he would not, I think, have taught his
son

son that “to dissemble” was to prepare for it.—But read the enclosed.

I am, dear Charles, ever, &c. &c.

Marleston.

Robert Paulet.

(From Miss Massem to Miss Paulet.)

Marleston-Hall, Sunday Morn.

My dear Susy,

AFTER you left us last night, you cannot think how captain Glanville laughed at your notions of everlasting constancy; and that if once you had given your affections, you was sure they could never be alienated;—do you know that he swears no woman’s affections ever yet served a regular apprenticeship, and that you have arts and graces enough to make
 6 any

any man wind about and serpentine just as you please. — Apropos — you must read Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I will send you,—his advice to his son in regard to the world, will hold exactly right as to any woman's management of a husband ;—he says very justly “ that because man is a rational animal, you must not suppose, therefore, that he always acts rationally ; you must watch his weak, unguarded moments, get into his secrets, engage his heart, and you will easily *dupe* his understanding.”—Diffimulation is the virtue of the Great, and as you will see from these excellent books, the men not only practise it, but profess it as a science ; how then shall we be able to cope with them, if we do not fight with as good weapons,

weapons, and play off their own arts against themselves? — Now, for instance, suppose you was to marry an old bachelor — I think you might overthrow all his little systems in a fortnight — to be sure, at times, he would be restive and cross, but then you must suppose he never speaks his real sentiments; and at others he will quietly enough return to his shackles — this is what Mr. Pope means by

“ If she rules him, never shows she rules.”

Why should she show it? for her time to take advantage is only when alone; before company she must always acquiesce, or the world will not be of her side; and, as Lord Chesterfield

field says, the world is always the *dupe* of deceit; and it is, therefore, much better *to seem* than *to be*."— I knew a lady that adopted this mode of conduct exactly, and was very successful,—to be sure, the man was very miserable, and at last, I believe, died of a broken heart; but the world, to this day, are almost unanimously agreed, that she undoubtedly made him one of the very Best of Wives.

For the future, leave all your letters at Mary Cuttle's, and I shall be sure to receive them safe.

I am ever my dear Susy's

Sincere friend and servant,

Catharine Massem.

M

But

But, my dearest Sufy, I must of all things caution you against marrying a Wit—it is a noxious *seeing* animal, against whom you may play off a whole battery of Tears, Oaths, Sighs, and Protestations, to no effect. — As to money, you must be an œconomist in *his* pleasures, if you mean to be extravagant in *your own*.

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Have now been near a week at Bath with my pupil — we lodge at the new hotel, called York house, which is very commodious—indeed more so, I think, than the noble one just fitted up in Covent-Garden, as there are
more

more conveniencies under the same roof.—You have heard so much of the neatness and regularity of the buildings here, that it is unnecessary for me to expatiate upon them—the Circus and south front of the Square are beautiful beyond description; but I cannot approve the Crescent, though I must confess I never saw any building (where so many rules of architecture were violated) that altogether looked so well.—To describe the manners and fashions here, would be far beyond my art, though they have many peculiar to themselves—as in town, people quarrel for places and preferments, and where some great prize is held up to the aspirants; so here, for want of better employment, they have been absolutely compelled

to quarrel for nothing at all — not whether one man should have more popularity or higher distinction than another, but whether he should go up the hill or down to dance his minuet; and whether the important place of master of the ceremonies should be filled by a native of Ireland or England — nay, to so great a degree has this fashion of quarrelling for nothing prevailed amongst the fair sex, that, not content merely with the war of the tongue, they have even descended to blows — this can be attributed to nothing but the extraordinary Fermentation of the waters.

The numberless evils to which mankind are always by necessity exposed, should make them, one would think, at all times endeavour to unite in

bands of mutual harmony, and here especially, where so many are in a perpetual state of suffering—yet here, from mere fashion, the strangest infatuation prevails, even amongst invalids, who fly as far as possible from the baths and the shelter of the lower town, to brave the turbulence of the mountains ;—the buildings are now extended so far, that, as the Irishman would say, “ Bath is run away from itself, it is absolutely gone out of its own town ;” and it may do very well for the healthful to follow it, but sure it is the greatest absurdity in the world that invalids should fly as far as possible from shelter, and from all those advantages for which Bath is so peculiarly and so justly celebrated.

The waters (if you believe the Apothecaries) are specifics for all disorders; there is only one that you can possibly die of, which is Obstinacy—this becomes incurable from not taking advice enough about the use of them, when present, or by removing from the benefit of them too soon—it is true, lady *Skinandbone* has been coughing up her lungs here these two years, but would certainly have recovered, had she not *obstinately* refused to stay one fortnight longer; and my lord *Lastlegs* would absolutely have relinquished his crutches in a few days more, and hung them up in the pump-room as the most memorable trophies in it—had he not *obstinately* resolved to change these ever efficacious waters for those of Bristol.

In

In regard to the diversions, there is a play-house here, where the actors (exclusive of Garrick) are in general full as good as those in town—in tragedy they do not always speak with “a good accent and good discretion,” but I have seen some characters in comedy really supported with great humour and propriety. —The new rooms are elegantly fitted up, and may be better calculated, perhaps, than any others for the purposes of dancing and gaming; but as I never partake of the latter, and not very frequently of the former, they afford me but little or no entertainment—for an evening or two I might have been delighted with the splendor of the appearance, but soon, (as some one expresses it)

• “ The gay idea palls upon the sense,
 “ And coldly strikes the mind with
 “ feeble blifs.”

In short, if I was obliged to give you my opinion of Bath, I should define it to be a place, in which though life, perhaps, may not be passed most usefully, it may, nevertheless, be wasted agreeably — amongst wanton widows, and debauched wives, *forsaken* Irishmen, and *forsaking* men of quality.

This place is so fertile of anecdote, that I could send you volumes from it instead of epistles.

I am ever, &c. &c.

Charles Paulet.

P. S. There is a literary society established near Bath by a set of gentlemen and ladies where many improve-

provements are made on the prizes that were distributed by the ancients—instead of the bay they give jessamine, and instead of laurels artificial nosegays—I have not seen any of the literary productions, but hear there will soon be published a most excellent didactic poem on the beautiful arch of lady Horatia Pedant's auburn eye brow.

The following letters from the rev. Mr. Paulet to his son at Bath, conclude the volume.

To Mr. Paulet.

Dear Charles,

Woburn, Sat. Night.

THIS morning put a period to all my happiness—your sister—your lost unhappy sister is fled with Glanville!—The care, the affection that I
have

have ever shewn for her—all the principles of virtue and religion that I have ever endeavoured to inculcate, have availed her nothing, and she is fled at last with Glanville.—From her infancy I have laboured to prove myself a kind and indulgent father; and now when I meant to reap the harvest of my toil—behold, this is my reward!—but I myself have been the cause—I have given up too far,—but as she had lost her mother, and my notions of life were supposed to be too contracted, the opinions of others have weighed against me, and I have relaxed my own principles to her ruin.—I have got so far on my road to town, but can hear no tidings which way they took—nor is it needful for me to inquire—I am rather flying
from

from myself than in pursuit of her—she is for ever lost—she's ruined—she fled, alas! with Glanville.—Had his intentions been honourable, whence this secrecy?—but nothing can exculpate her—she knew the depth of misery into which I should be plunged, and, had she thought of marriage, would have saved my desperation.—Glanville would not marry her—he owns no ties of either honesty or honour—he could violate all engagements (if he made any) and the infatuated world would call it Gallantry.—All her principles were polluted—she was deaf to shame, as well as virtue, who could dare to triumph thus over the weakness of a father's heart.—Delay not, my son, to seek—to inquire—to upbraid—it is too late, alas! to recall,

recall,—and should chance or fortune cast her in your way—reproach her with her infamy—tell her that she has violated her duty to herself—to me—and if there needs an aggravation of her crime—to her God—that no penance can obliterate the stain—that she has pulled down ruin on herself and on her father, and that his tears will be drops of vengeance on her head for ever:—tell her—no, no, this may be too harsh,—tell her only that if she would return—I could forgive her.

Dear

London.

Dear Charles,

I Have now no hopes of seeing you before I leave town, for I have at last got some faint intelligence of your sister, and shall set off immediately for Dover—should she have set sail (for I hear he is carrying her to France) I shall then relinquish all pursuit, and leave her to the protection of that power that can amend her heart, and assuage my sorrows—when you perceive me thus torn and distracted with my grief, harbour not a thought that your sister was ever dearer to me than yourself—she is lost—and now awakens all my anxiety, “but thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.”

Dear

Dear Charles,

LET those only talk of bearing up against afflictions, who have never felt them—there may be such situations that no principles can fortify the mind against, and under which the greatest and the best must ever fall—into such a one is your unhappy father plunged.—I pursued my journey so much faster than I expected, (for man neither knows his weakness nor his strength) that I thought by night I should even reach Dover, but gaining no tidings, I began to sink under my fatigue, and to hope only from time for that aid which philosophy could not afford me. — As I was passing through a small village, I saw all the people running out with unfeeling

ing curiosity after a poor wretch, who they told me was falling into labour — the officers, I found, were persecuting her, to save expences, to the next parish, and had refused her not only harbour, but relief—no situation can dispense with our humanity—I determined, therefore, to allot some few shillings to succour, at least, if not to save this victim of distress; — as I came nearer the rabble stopped, and, for a while, I even forgot my own miseries to contemplate hers—I inveighed against their cruelty in the bitterest terms — broke through the crowd, and insisted on their affording her some relief—they told me “there was no occasion, for the woman entreated only for to die”—I demanded that they should convey her to the
next

next ale-house, — that I would leave my watch — my money; — my aid to carry her into it, alas! I was unable to give, for she was now from agonies, become an object too shocking for humanity to behold;—I was, at length, responsible for her charges, and the crowd were indifferent to her distress. —As soon as they had borne her in, I entreated her to take comfort—bewailed her miseries—assured her, that if either by leaving my watch or some money, I could procure her cordial medicine or assistance, I would relieve her—she looked up wistfully in my face, and told me she wished me only to forgive. — Think, my dearest Charles, what must be my feelings, when I found this object of misery to be no other than my poor unhappy

py

py daughter, whom that villain Glanville had thus basely deserted — for a while, I fear, I was unable to yield that assistance as a father, that she would have found from me as a friend; —but recovering my tranquillity—I assured her that all resentments were lost in her distress; that I had even forgot she had offended me, and that if she could recover—“ Alas ! says she, it is now too late, for I have languished whole days from want—without friend—without money—and without that comfort that innocence could have afforded me;” but that to see me once again was more than her fondest wishes ever formed ; nor had she another hope than by the blessing of a father to look up for the forgiveness of her God.”——But here I pause, for

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the

the scene became too affecting, and I believe I was carried away from her before death put a period to her distress. — Fondly bewailing her untimely fate, I sit by her faded corse, and shed the tender tribute of unavailing tears—thinking that I still see her only as asleep—that I shall again enjoy the sweets of her converse, and that we shall again be happy—happy, indeed, we may be in another world, but never more in this—but I blush to refer myself only to futurity, when on earth I can feel no more comfort—Oh ! Charles, think not that I mean to vindicate wrong, or that my fondness gets the better of my principles—I know her errors, but will not, with a malicious world, think this the only fault that a woman can never
 expiate

expiate—it is not, believe me, an horror at the crime, but the pride of life that begets these distinctions. Let the cold, the selfish, and the unfriendly speak rigidly of her offences, a father could feel only for her distress.—When this first burst of my grief begins to subside, I shall endeavour to take some measures for her removal; for at all adventures I resolve to bury her at Marleston, not with those honours, perhaps, as if adorned with virtue; yet, nevertheless, with a decency that is due to the unfortunate; and lest “ill tongues should hereafter be too busy with her fame” I will inscribe something like the following epitaph upon her tomb—

Stop

Stop—gentle maid—whoever thou art;

She that lies buried here, was once

as fair and amiable as Thyself.

Whilst she was innocent, she was happy;

but by yielding to the seduction of Man,

and of the World,—she was cut off in

the early bloom of youth,

to deter Thee

from following her

Example.



THE END

